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If you are coming to the National Encampment, do not fail to at once notify your Corps Chairman here.

The editor who called Lieut. Gov. Jim Tillman, of South Carolina, a liar, and then proved it, still lives, in the best of health, and the circulation of his paper is growing.

A SUMMER resort announces that it has exterminated the musketos, and boils all the drinking water. Now, if it will only boil down its bills also life there will be a halcyon dream.

The Corps Headquarters will be the best place to arrange meetings of long-separated comrades. Let veterans who want to come together appoint their Corps Headquarters as a meeting place.

SENATOR HANNA's example as a strike settler is contagious. Senators Quay and Penrose are trying to settle the anthracite strike. Perhaps eventually they will learn how to keep the Senate itself peaceable.

THE gathering of the veterans in their old Corps alignments promises to be one of the most satisfactory features of the National Encampment. Let everybody report and help make the assemblage as complete as possible.

THE Pennsylvania farmers think that they have sweet rights as laboring men themselves, one of these being that when they work all year to raise a crop it shall not be confiscated by some man who does not want to work unless he can get higher wages.

THE Cuban planters seem to have yet to learn the first rule among American farmers, which is that if it won't pay to raise one thing, turn to something that will pay. There are any number of things they can raise which will pay very much better than sugar.

THERE are 125 American teachers in Porto Rico, teaching the children English, and every teacher in the island speaks and teaches English, while 40,000 little scholars sing daily American patriotic songs, and over 1,200 youths are learning practical agriculture. A new Porto Rico is rising rapidly.

BISHOP DERRICK, of the A. M. E. Church, has been breakfasting with King George of Greece, but our knowledge of Greek and the dates of the Hellenic elections is too limited to say whether the Greek papers are firing the Peloponnesian heart over the incident.

A MICHIGAN Judge has sentenced to 15 years at hard labor in the penitentiary a man who wrecked a Detroit savings bank. This is righteous. A punishment can scarcely be too severe for a man who gambles away, or even trifles with, the savings of hard-working men and women. It is the most infamous kind of robbery.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN has suffered another change in his Philippine views, and is now back where he began—an ardent Imperialist. He believes that "home rule and eventual independence should be made conditional upon first, the desires, and, secondly, the demonstrated capacities of the Filipinos; and it is my firm belief that the American people will never concede these inalienable blessings in the absence of these reasonable conditions."

It is expected that every veteran arriving in Washington for the National Encampment will, as soon as he has been located in his lodgings, go at once to "Camp Roosevelt," which is in the rear of the White House, very central and very easy of access, and there register himself at the headquarters of the Corps in which he served. He will be thus certain of at once finding his old acquaintances and comrades. The Chairman of the Corps and all the members of the committee whom he will find there will be veterans of long service in the Corps and very proud of it and its history. They will possibly be personal friends or acquaintances, and they will certainly know all about his regiment, so that he cannot help feeling at home.

FATHER McKINNON, who went to the Philippines as Chaplain of the 1st Cal., and has since been settled there, makes a most excellent suggestion, to the effect that the authorities send about 400 of the younger Filipino priests to the United States for a couple of years' training in the colleges and seminaries of this country. The cost would be about \$150 a year apiece. A policy on this line must be adopted, and cannot be too soon. Either young Filipinos intended for the priesthood should be brought to this country and educated in American Catholic institutions, or there be begun at once the systematic education of numbers of young Americans for parochial duties in the archipelago. Possibly a combination of both should be adopted, and it will be a great mistake to allow the spiritual leadership of the Filipinos to continue in the hands of Spanish-bred priests. The archipelago must be among the most effective of factors in accomplishing this.

THANK goodness, the Judges still stand firmly at their posts, safeguarding the people's liberties against the encroachments of the executive power. Last week a young negro in Washington, after escorting his sweetheart home, gave her a kiss at the door. Our memory is fresh of this, and it seems to us that this used to be rather common, back about the years after he came home from the war. But a passing policeman, in the insolence of office, called the young man down. The latter resented this interference with one of the dearest rights of a free man, and a very lively mixup ensued, in which the young man played a good second to the cop, but had to go to the station-house. The next morning both parties appeared in court liberally equipped with court-plaster. The Judge decided that there was no law against courtship in the open-air, that a good-night kiss was esteemed by many an essential part of this, and that the policeman had exceeded his duty. So the judiciary steps in to stay the hand of power from plucking another rose of joy from the life of the lowly.

REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS.

"Report to Headquarters immediately." Not to G. A. R. Headquarters; Not to Committee Headquarters; But to your Corps Headquarters.

Every veteran who proposes to attend the National Encampment should lose no time in reporting himself to the Chairman in Washington who represents the Corps in which he served.

This will accomplish many good purposes:

1. It will let the Corps Chairman and his committee know whom to expect and what regiments are likely to be represented.
2. It will greatly promote the meeting of old comrades.
3. It will be an announcement to all members of the Corps whom they may expect to see, and thus add very much to the interest of the gathering.
4. It will save the visitor from trouble and disappointment in meeting his old companions.

Therefore, let every comrade who is coming report in writing at once to one of the following comrades, all of whom are residents of Washington, and can be addressed here:

First Corps—Gen. W. W. Dudley.
Second Corps—Col. M. Emmet Urell.
Third Corps—Maj. A. H. G. Richardson.

Fourth Corps—Maj. M. T. Anderson.
Fifth Corps—Wm. Howard Gibson.
Sixth Corps—Capt. H. M. Gilman.
Seventh Corps—Gen. Cyrus Bussey.
Eighth Corps—Maj. Thos. H. McKee.
Ninth Corps—Amos Gunning.
Tenth Corps—Capt. G. M. Husted.
Eleventh Corps—Capt. Abram Hart.
Twelfth Corps—Dr. Lawrence Wilson.
Thirteenth Corps—Fletcher White.
Fourteenth Corps—Capt. Henry A. Calkins.

Fifteenth Corps—Capt. James E. Hart.
Sixteenth Corps—L. D. Alden.
Seventeenth Corps—B. F. Chase.
Eighteenth Corps—Hiram Buckingham.
Nineteenth Corps—Rev. G. W. Honey.
Twentieth Corps—Capt. Nathan Bickford.

Twenty-first Corps—M. A. Dillon.
Twenty-second Corps—Maj. A. F. McMillan.
Twenty-third Corps—Maj. J. H. Reeves.
Twenty-fourth Corps—J. W. Boucher.
Twenty-fifth Corps—Army of the Cumberland—Lt. S. T. Barber.
Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac—Gen. E. W. Whitaker.

Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi—Capt. J. W. Lewis.
Colored Troops, Military Division of the Mississippi—Richard Henderson.

Prisoners of War—Maj. L. P. Williams.
Engineers, Telegraphers, Scouts, etc.—Maj. Gilbert Thompson.
Sons of Veterans—Maj. E. R. Campbell.
Spanish War Veterans—Capt. L. P. Lipscomb.

Now, comrades, each of the above had long and honorable service in the Corps which he represents, and in coming into communication with him you are meeting an old friend, who knows all about your Corps and its history, your division, brigade and regiment. Send him a letter or a postal card at once, to let him know who and where you are, and that he may expect you. In this way you will help bring about many pleasant gatherings.

Write without delay.

"CAMP ROOSEVELT."

The White Lot, south of the White House where all the Reunions will be held, will be christened "Camp Roosevelt" and formally opened at 4:30 Monday, Oct. 6.

It was intended at first to do this with a parade of the Regular Army and Navy, the District National Guard and the uniformed and armed Sons of Veterans. The Commander-in-Chief and the Executive Committee, however, decided against having three days of parades, and as Sailors, Prisoners of War and a number of other organizations desired to parade, it was decided to combine them all in a parade with the regular forces on "Naval Day," which will be Tuesday, Oct. 7.

The opening of Camp Roosevelt on Monday afternoon will enable the comrades as fast as they arrive to begin to get into communication with their friends and arrange their plans for the week. Many of them will want to plan to visit the battlefields, the old camps and places of interest around Washington with members of their regiments, etc., and the sooner they get together at Camp Roosevelt the better this can be accomplished.

THE printers have shown good sense in voting down the resolution to prohibit printers from joining the National Guard. This, with the assaults on the Judiciary, are suggestions of pure anarchy. If there is anything wrong about the militia or the Judges, the workmen of the country have it wholly in their hands to correct the wrong. They elect the Judges and the men who command the militia. Both Judges and militia are necessary in the execution of laws which the workmen themselves have made through their duly-elected representatives. It is just as much the duty of the printers—and they should also consider it a privilege—to go into the militia and stand ready to help enforce the laws, as it is of all other young men. It is everybody's business to see that right laws are made, and, when made, are obeyed.

THE hearts of all the comrades will go out in deepest sympathy to Past Commander-in-Chief W. C. Johnson, of Cincinnati, O., over the death of his son, Dr. Walter K. Johnson, a young physician of unusual promise, who died of typhoid pneumonia at Atlanta, Aug. 7. Dr. Johnson graduated in 1897 from the Atlanta Medical College at the head of his class, and served a year in the Spanish War. He then settled in Atlanta, where he speedily built up a very fine practice, and was distinguished by his absolute devotion to his patients and self-denial in ministering to them. The funeral was attended by a great concourse of friends, and the remains were interred in Spring Grove.

The Monroe Doctrine keeps on growing in a most remarkable way. Capt. McCrea, commanding our warships at Port-au-Prince, has interpreted it that he must not allow the Haitian rebels to cut the cable nor blockade the port, and now the Germans think it means that we should restore order in Venezuela. Yet only a little while ago the Germans, with other Europeans, were meeting at the Monroe Doctrine as "political bombast for home consumption, merely, and too absurd to be thought of as international law."

THE Cuban Government is going through its birth-throes, and they are not unusually severe. The freedom of the press is being exercised in virulent attacks upon President Palma, and now a ministerial crisis is on hand, precipitated by the resignation of Senator Terry, one of the wealthiest men on the island, but who prefers the pleasures of life in Paris to the labor and worry of helping govern the island. His resignation is said to be a triumph for the Radical element.

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

Ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle is the author of a plan for the annexation of Cuba which is said to have the support of the sugar planters almost unanimously. With him is Senor Lacoste, President of El Banco Nacional de Cuba, and who was Secretary of Agriculture under Gov. Gen. Wood. He is an American citizen and votes in Ohio. When the American flag was hoisted down he refused to continue as Secretary at the price of his American citizenship. Lacoste's idea is that Cuba should be admitted as a State, but he is free to admit that the military or territorial form of Government would be preferred to a continuance of present unsettled and unstable conditions. In a brief speech made upon being inducted to the chair for a second period, Mr. Lacoste took occasion to remark that upon the question of annexation he believes the views of the working people of the island have been willfully distorted and misrepresented by designing and hypocritical demagogues.

The proposition has not been urged at this time, for the reason that it might embarrass President Roosevelt's reciprocity policy and President Palma in establishing the new Government.

It may be as well to say at once that it will be a long while, if ever, before the American people will consent to the admission of Cuba as a State. If she wants annexation, she must take it on the same basis as Porto Rico and Hawaii.

ALMOST—NOT QUITE.

We have had a number of inquiries from veterans as to the truth of the following item, which appeared in the Associated Press telegrams:

"Commodore Joseph Edward Montgomery, the veteran Confederate commander who during the civil war almost succeeded in capturing Gen. Grant, died at 3:10 A. M., at the home of his son, Dr. James Montgomery, Chicago, Ill.

"Commodore Montgomery was the most distinguished fresh-water sailor in the Confederate navy. He fought with distinction in the Gulf of Mexico, and was the intimate friend of President Jefferson Davis. On losing his eyesight 12 years ago he came to Chicago to spend his declining days with his son."

It will be seen that the when and where Mr. Montgomery came near capturing Gen. Grant are left perplexingly vague. Like all men who were constantly at the front, Gen. Grant must have frequently had narrow escapes from capture, but we do not recall any time that Mr. Montgomery had the chance, unless it was at Belmont, where Montgomery might have been, and where Gen. Grant was the last man to go aboard the boats. Even then, all the rebels were a considerable distance away, and remained so, for fear of the fire of the artillery and musketry from the boats. We never saw any report that Montgomery was then outstripping his comrades in his desperate attempt to capture the Union army. The rebels seemed only too glad to have the Yankees "go and get shot of 'em."

THAT a man worth millions should have so little sense as to go speeding along a country road at the rate of 60 miles an hour would be incredible had not Charles L. Fair killed himself and wife by just such criminal idiocy in France. When we recall how the railroads, running at the fastest but 20 miles an hour, used to kill people on their tracks and their own passengers in derailments, it would seem that a man attempting a speed three times as fast on an ordinary country road, and premeditated suicide for himself and murder for any others who might be using the road. That any man has done it and escaped death and manslaughter is no more to the point than that men have escaped death or wounding in a rain of bullets. There may be a question whether any man has the right to expose his own life in this way, for we have not protested when men have gone over Niagara in a barrel, or started for the North Pole in a balloon, but he becomes a distinct and dangerous criminal when he exposes the lives of others in his automobile or upon the road he traverses.

THE Twenty-second Corps, as organized for Reunion purposes, includes all troops who served in and around Washington and were not regularly attached to other Corps. This includes all the 100-days' men who garrisoned Washington and guarded the railroads near in the Summer of 1864, and the various three-months' and other emergency troops which reinforced the Army of the Potomac at any time during the war. It embraced at all times a very large number of patriotic young men, and its Reunions are expected to be particularly interesting and enjoyable. Gov. Nash, of Ohio, and Senator M. A. Hanna are among the distinguished men who served in the Corps.

ONE very practical, very important and every popular issue one of the parties has caught on to. It is that the "malaria-breeding musketo must go." It is a wonder that no convention has "viewed with alarm" the deadly work of the musketo, nor "pointed with pride" to the success that some one has achieved in exterminating it.

SUCH is the reign of Industrialism that the news of the illness and prospective retirement of Chas. M. Schwab, the President of the United States Steel corporation, excites more interest and affects more people than the abdication of some of the Kings of Europe.

THE papers announce that "the Bragg incident seems to be closed." "Brag is a good dog, but hold on is a better," and the General seems to be both.

In the event of Gen. Alger not being a candidate for Senator from Michigan, it may be that the forces behind him will array themselves in support of Gen. H. M. Duffield. He is a leader among the Michigan veterans, was Commander of the Department of Michigan in 1890, and Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief in 1891. In the Spanish War he commanded the brigade which formed the extreme left of the line at Santiago.

Col. D. O. Morrow, the junior member of the Board of Trustees of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors' Orphans' Home, is a son of a veteran, has taken great interest in the Order, and is a Past Division Commander. He is a leading member of the bar of Highland Co., O., and derives his title from service on Gov. Nash's staff. He will be heard from in politics in the future.

Gen. J. H. Smith is seriously ill at his brother-in-law's home in Portsmouth, O. His illness is in the form of a nervous collapse, attributed to the strain of his campaign in Samar, the subsequent court-martial, and the unexpected news of his retirement received on the date of his landing at San Francisco.

Sinec, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. D. on the March through the Carolinas

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The Boys Start Out for Meat—They Find a Ranch of Meat.

In giving the Colonel a hasty sketch of their adventures, Si could not resist poking a little fun at Shorty's desire to make a coaching party before the regiment, and its ignominious conclusion. The Colonel smiled as much as a man could who was standing in six inches of cold mud and receiving on his head and shoulders a steady torrent of ice-water, and said: "Well, he shan't be entirely disappointed. Hitch up your horses and move out. You shall have the honor of leading the regiment into camp. That ought to be enough for any man. Halt at the first spot you find that the water is running off and not onto."

"Thank you very much," said Si.
"That pays for everything," Shorty drove up a little ways, and came to a ridge and an open pine forest, into which he turned.

They made a shelter of cedar boughs for Kramer's fire, so that he could manage to make coffee, fry some meat and boil some yams. This was at least filling, warming and strengthening, and life began to have a new interest in it. The boys examined Tom Brainerd, and found that the revolver bullet had passed so near the outside that it could be easily removed, which was done, and the patient greatly relieved. The surgeon tried to have Tom go into the ambulance, but he stoutly refused to leave the boys.

They pulled the old coach up near the fire, ditched around it to drain off the water, and piled about it a heap of cedar boughs to shed the rain. More were laid under it for a bed for Pete, Sandy, Alf, Gid, Harry and Monty, while the others were to sleep inside the coach. In this way they managed to get much better than anybody else in the regiment, and by the time they had finished their preparations they were so dead tired that they crawled in and went to sleep, despite rain, cold and every other discomfort, tried to have Tom go into the ambulance, but he stoutly refused to leave the boys.

And they slept soundly, too. The boys under the coach scarcely stirred, but Si and the older ones roused occasionally, to put fresh wood on the fire, and then crawl back into their blankets.

The next morning it was raining precisely as if it had just started in and was about to stop. The boys had a breakfast of the same character as their supper, fixed up their quarters a little better, went over to the camp of the 1st Oklahoma, and found their grub for the regiment. If we don't get day resting and visiting with the boys of the regiment, gossiping of the happenings on both sides since they had been away.

The next morning it was, if possible, raining harder and more persistently than ever. Inaction was now becoming tiresome to them. They edged around all day. The next morning there were gaps in the showers, and they secured the Colonel's order to go on toward the left and forage for the waning Commissary. Meat was particularly needed. It was all gone.

"Colonel," Si ventured to ask, as he put his foot in the stirrup, "isn't it about due for the army to file right and make a bolt on Charleston?"

"That's only known to the Lord and Gen. Sherman," answered Si. "I'm not in the outside of either," answered the Colonel. "All I know is that the present orders are to point due north toward Charlotte, N. C. I shall be ready, though, to turn back at any time, if you've been long enough in this army to know the place to which Gen. Sherman seems bent on going is the one that he has no idea of reaching."

Colonel Sherman hinted at was the truth. Sherman was again executing one of his grand strategic moves so mystifying to the rebels and so startling in its results. His wonderful army of 60,000 men, scattered along a front of 400 miles, had added to their natural courage and enthusiastic patriotism three years of severest training in the great school of war, stretched along a front of 400 miles, and at once all the important places within a radius of 250 miles. A few days of marching with their swift certainty, and all obstacles of swollen rivers, impassable roads and famishing swamps, would carry them to the coast, and the rich cities of Charleston or Wilmington, or up through the interior, to the heart of the South. Sherman's army, with its immense stores and factories, Salisbury with its great Union prisoners, Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, and finally to the rear of Lee's army at Richmond. Every day they marched forward, and every step they made was a step toward the rebel headquarters. The boys had been led by Lee's army and the rebel Government.

Across their path now lay the Catawba or Yadon river, the worst obstacle they had yet encountered. The men who had so quickly passed such rivers as the Savannah, the Salkehatchie, the Edisto and the Congaree made light of it. Such a river as the Catawba, however, was their leader that they would not have balked at the Atlantic Ocean if they had been ordered to cross it.

The sadly outnumbered Jeff Davis and Beauregard, who were in the midst of humiliating failures to drive Sherman's plans and arrest his march before he was straining every nerve to stop him now, the remnants of Hood's army were being hurried across the river, and the men who got behind the Catawba and save Charlotte. Joe Wheeler, Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler had gathered every man who could ride to put before Sherman and check him, until it could be forced out, which way he was going. Hardee, at Charleston, was still torn up in his mind whether he should stay and defend the city, or march north to join the rest of Beauregard's forces on the river.

The left wing of Sherman's army—the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps—under Gen. Slocum, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, was heading straight north, apparently for Charlotte and Salisbury. The right wing—the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under Gen. O. O. Howard—was pointing at the northeast, but acting as if, at any hour, it might make a sharp right wheel and pounce down on Charleston.

Si found the foraging difficult. The army had now been in that region several days, and the country had been pretty thoroughly stripped. Wherever he went he found that his comrades from other regiments had been before him, and left only barely enough to keep the families and the sick. When the rebel foragers had been there they were not content, but took all they could find. The country people were more bitter against Wheeler's cavalry than against the Yankees. They only took such horses as would be of some service to them, Wheeler's men took every one they could find, even if they had to shoot them as worthless as the next cat. They would drive off the best parts for their supper and breakfasts, and leave the rest in their camps for the buzzards and crows.

In reply to remonstrances the cavalrymen would curse the South Carolinians for bringing on the war and say that they were doing this to punish them for their internal wrongheadedness, and to make South Carolina suffer just as badly as had Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, whence the cavalrymen had come.

"Well, Uncle, you do seem to be playing in hard luck," Si remarked sympathetically to a white-bearded elder, who sat in a rocker on his front porch, and puffed his pipe at "that other fellow, the cavalryman who Wheeler, who was nothin' but a pine-woods rust, no

how, an' hates South Carolinians, 'kase we're gentlemen, an' not the seed of English paupers an' jail-birds, like the Jaw-jaws. You know, don't you, that ole Jim-e-ral Ogletree filled up Jawjaws with the rakin' of English jails an' poorhouses? That's the reason so many Jawjaws air cross-eyed—the grandfathers ketchin' it lookin' betwixt the bars."

"There's an awful sight of bad men in Georgia," Si agreed.
"You're jaw right," said the ancient. "When a South Carolinian gets so mean that yaller dogs shun him he transfigures to jawjaws, where he finds himself at home with the quality."

"We are a band of brothers," Shorty satirically hummed the first line of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" as they moved off. How these rebels do naturally hate one another. The men of one State seem to just live to despise those of every other. If they ever got their independence the

boys should win and become their master. The two cocks, with tails up, and spread "sidewheeler down," feathers ruffled, heads and necks truculently poised, and puffing and hissing fiercely at one another, were strutting up and down before the gentlemen, with ineffectual haunts and hesitations.

The glistering plume, the swelling port, and the lordly spirit of the two chiefs, with the more sleek and sober garb of the matronlike and middle-aged, made it a fascinating tournament at which was gathered the proud and chivalrous and the fair and fascinating of the turkey kingdom.

"Why didn't you shoot 'em, Sandy?" whispered Si, who was more intent on getting meat than anything sentimental or picturesque. He cocked his carbine.

"They are mighty good eating," Si answered. "Me and Pete was afraid we'd miss 'em and scare the rest away, so we thought we'd run back for you."

"No; no; don't shoot 'em. Not just yet, anyway," protested Shorty, staying the carbines of the others with a wave of his hand. "Let's see how the fight goes. I'd rather see that than have a bushel of meat. Keep quiet. Both them gobblers are dandies, and they'll make a head-on fight, such as you read about. Did you ever see such fine wattles on a turkey? I'll take that fellow with the crest and no white on his wattles. He's the Pap Thomas, and the other fellow's Braxton Bragg. Keep quiet, everybody, and don't

scare 'em. They're going at one another themselves."

The two lords strutted changed their attitudes like a flash, and darted at each other with a swiftness utterly irreconcilable with their former staidness. The eyes could not follow the whirling maze of wings, claws and beaks that followed, but presently "Pap Thomas" emerged from the feathery kaleidoscope with some large feathers gone, his wattle tattered, and blood trickling from various places. Instantly he resumed his swelling port, and gobbled in the arrogance of victory, while "Braxton Bragg" limped off behind the uniting hens.

The boys cocked their carbines again. "Hold on," remonstrated Shorty. "Let 'Pap Thomas' go, and take at least half of the hens. He deserves that for his bully fight. I wish we had him back home, where we could keep him. Save the youngest of the hens for us!"

Si shot "Braxton Bragg's" head off, the other boys brought down four or five of the hens, and the rest sailed off into the air under the lead of the redoubtable "Pap Thomas."

"I'll bet," said Si, looking around on the ground, "one of those fellows, one of those birds, that we're near those little those turkeys have been coming here to get the corn carried out to the cattle, and the two flocks have met."

"Braxton Bragg" was the mistake of his life in taking his family to the same market that "Pap Thomas" attended," remarked Shorty, looking at the slain gobblers.

"Yes, here's quite a dribble of corn," shouted Sandy, pointing to a trail of cobs more or less picked by the turkeys, and of blades of fodder. "There's cattle not far from here, and they won't be hard to find."

Pete and Sandy rushed off at once on the trail, and had gone but a few hundred yards into the swamp, when a victorious Pap Thomas announced that they had recovered their quest. The boys hurried over, and found a pen with 10 fair-conditioned cattle in it.

Should guess they'd dress fully 700 pounds apiece," one of the boys, chucking up his stock-raising lore as he studied the pen. "Each one will run the regiment for a month, or there'll be enough for the whole brigade for several days. Drive 'em back, boys. It's getting late, they'll travel slow, and the boys are hungry for fresh beef."

"I'm going to find out how that old fellow stuck to camp. He hid before he was this place. I want to get on to his scheme for the benefit of the future," said Shorty. He did not get his clew until he came to a stout bed-tick lying across a log, where it had been thrown. It had some remnants of forage in it, and it became clear that the cunning planter had avoided the usual tell-tale dribbling by carrying all his forage out in bed-ticks. He had been careful not to follow any of the paths leading from his house, but had gone down the road to a point nearest his place of concealment and then worked inwards over a plowed field, and through a cedar opening, never going twice over the same route, and thus keeping from making a trail.

"Lucky there ain't many as smart as he," said Shorty. "Sherman's army would be short of meat most of the time."

It began raining again by the time they struck the main road which was to take them back to camp. They had some of the leading brigade, but a couple of miles in front of where the 200th Ind. was encamped, in advance of the main body.

"I'll bet," said Si, "that the boys are all there, tall, thin men, whose form seemed familiar, stood out in the rain, overseeing and directing the labor of several hundred men who were condorning a long stretch of road over a marsh."

"Si, I believe that," Shad Graham, said Shorty.

"It is Shad. Hello, Shad Graham; how are you?"

"Hello, boys. Awfully glad to see you. Where in the world did you come from?" answered Shad in a hollow voice. "Gone into the stock business," he inquired, with an effort at his old-time jollity, motioning toward the cattle, which were straggling along the road.

"We've been out collecting tax-in-kind," answered Shorty. "The rebel agents haven't been attending to their business in this locality lately, and we've taken their job. I think we've done fairly well for beginners."

"Indeed, you have," answered Shad.

"Those are far and away the best cattle I've seen brought along so far. Si and Shorty Bragg will make a fine fire of badinage. He was very much worse off than when he had last seen him. His cheeks were sunken, his cough excruciating, and his eyes blazing. But his spirit soared as high as ever, and he stood out as undiminished in the cold rain as if it were a Summer zephyr."

"Couldn't think of it, though I'm much obliged to you, boys. I must stay right here all night. The army needs this road to get forward immediately to the crossing of the Catawba at Rocky Mount. I must have my pontoons forward tonight so as to reach Rocky Mount by daylight. It is all important that we get there by morning or before noon. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and below. But he cannot help hearing today the direction we are taking, and is probably now rushing forward to oppose us. We must not lose a minute under any consideration. This is the most provoking piece of swamp that I have struck in the whole campaign. This is the third crossing I have laid down upon it. The first sunk when the brigade ahead marched over it this morning. I then laid down another, and it sank when the brigade came over. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and below. But he cannot help hearing today the direction we are taking, and is probably now rushing forward to oppose us. We must not lose a minute under any consideration. This is the most provoking piece of swamp that I have struck in the whole campaign. This is the third crossing I have laid down upon it. The first sunk when the brigade ahead marched over it this morning. I then laid down another, and it sank when the brigade came over. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and below. But he cannot help hearing today the direction we are taking, and is probably now rushing forward to oppose us. We must not lose a minute under any consideration. This is the most provoking piece of swamp that I have struck in the whole campaign. This is the third crossing I have laid down upon it. The first sunk when the brigade ahead marched over it this morning. I then laid down another, and it sank when the brigade came over. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and below. But he cannot help hearing today the direction we are taking, and is probably now rushing forward to oppose us. We must not lose a minute under any consideration. This is the most provoking piece of swamp that I have struck in the whole campaign. This is the third crossing I have laid down upon it. The first sunk when the brigade ahead marched over it this morning. I then laid down another, and it sank when the brigade came over. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and below. But he cannot help hearing today the direction we are taking, and is probably now rushing forward to oppose us. We must not lose a minute under any consideration. This is the most provoking piece of swamp that I have struck in the whole campaign. This is the third crossing I have laid down upon it. The first sunk when the brigade ahead marched over it this morning. I then laid down another, and it sank when the brigade came over. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and below. But he cannot help hearing today the direction we are taking, and is probably now rushing forward to oppose us. We must not lose a minute under any consideration. This is the most provoking piece of swamp that I have struck in the whole campaign. This is the third crossing I have laid down upon it. The first sunk when the brigade ahead marched over it this morning. I then laid down another, and it sank when the brigade came over. I'm now laying the end of trouble. An hour's delay may cost a hundred lives in crossing the river. The crossing is very bad, indeed, but it is fat-witted Braggard but no idea yet that we're pointing for it. He's looking for us above and